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BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

Non ita Naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus,
Hanc præter nihil ut Genio, studioque relinquas.

[Concluded from No. 13.]

IF the scholars of Italy offer little assistance towards attaining the attractive graces of colouring, Mr. F's sagacity taught him to shun their imperfections, and to attach himself to those parts in which their power has been confessedly unrivalled.—Michael Angelo became the idol of his attention;—to him he directed the bias of his studies, and by his measure he formed his own rule of treating the human figure, and adapting it to the occasions of history. It is needless

to say that Mr. F. became a scientific designer*.

Having now resided several years at Rome, where his mind had reached her full strength, and his hand her perfect cunning, he again turned his thoughts to England, whither the invitations of men, distinguished by their love of the arts, forcibly attacked him. He accordingly left Italy in the year 1779, and came to London in 1780, having visited Switzerland in his way.

Since his return to this country, the publicity of his works renders any farther account of his labours superfluous. He has been constantly occupied in the production of historical pictures, and his works adorn the houses of the most eminent patrons of genius and taste. But were this all, alas! in a country where the minds of the greater part are so little opened to the higher refinements of art, and which nature has so little disposed either to their cultivation or encouragement, the historic painter, it is to be feared, would have cause to lament the day when he first set his foot on England. Luckily for Mr. Fuseli, a more fertile mine of emolument was opened, by the spirited emulation of the engravers of this country, the real patrons of painting, and particularly of the founders of the

* The celebrated Pirenesi seeing Mr. Fuseli one day sketching a figure, exclaimed, 'This is not called designing, but building a man.'

Shakspeare and Poets' Galleries. To these two Mr. F. contributed some of their most admired possessions; and, a few years since, a new plan was, by the same means, formed for him, which might give full scope to the display of his various and extraordinary powers. He undertook to paint a series of pictures, engravings from which were to illustrate a future splendid edition of Milton, on condition that the pictures, when completed, should be publicly exhibited, and with leave to dispose, by sale, of such of them as he might chuse. This arduous enterprise, after a period of severe application, he happily completed, and the *Milton Gallery* was opened in May, 1799.

The number and variety of the pictures it exhibited, the skilful and pleasing selection of subjects, the masterly drawing and forcible expression of some of the figures, the winning grace and harmonious colouring of others, justly excited the admiration of the public, and when considered as the productions of one man, added astonishment to the pleasure of the spectator. It would be out of the province of this sketch to particularise any of the works which distinguish this extraordinary collection; but justice demands the acknowledgment that it is one of the most dignified monuments of art that has ever been raised in this country.

The Milton Gallery was last year opened a second time, with the addition of several new pictures; and, in order to pay a just tribute of respect to the artist, the President and Members of the Royal Academy accepted an invitation from Mr. Fuseli, to dine with him in one of the rooms which contain his pictures.

Mr Fuseli had been elected a member of the Royal Academy soon after his return to England, and he was last year appointed to the honourable office of Professor of Painting; a situation, for which he is not less fitted by his general, than by his professional erudition.

During the laborious course of painting which Mr. F. has run, he has not left wholly uncultivated the gifts of the Sister Muses. In the early part of his career, he completed a translation of the Abbe Winckelman's Treatise on the Imitation of the Ancients, and at a later period he appeared as the editor of the English edition of *The Aphorisms of Nature*, written by his celebrated friend, Lavater. He is said to have enriched this work by an addition, from his own pen, of *Aphorisms of Art*;—but of these the public has not yet enjoyed the sight. The translation of some German dramas has been attributed to him, without foundation for the report. There is more reason to believe that he possesses a higher excellence, in the rare powers of Lyric Poetry.

As a scholar, Mr. Fuseli ranks in the first class. In mixed society he is distinguished by a ready command of the treasures of memory, by vivacity of imagination, and by forcible expression and pointed wit; qualities which unite to render his conversation in the most eminent degree amusive. As a painter, his works discover a powerful

and fervid mind, ever intent on the intellectual parts of his art. His style displays, agreeably to the nature of his subject, impassioned energy and expression, or luxurious softness and grace. In the personification of ideal beings, whether beautiful, or humorously grotesque, his fancy revels without bounds, and its offspring fear no rivals, either in ancient or modern schools.

The Novelist.

THE NUN,

Or, Memoirs of Angelique;

A TALE.

AH! whence does a parent deduce his claim to this cruel preogative? Who shall say to the mind, "Hate, approve, renounce, accept as I shall dictate?" None. The soul makes its choice, and will ever feel its independence. But when I question the justice of such imperious commands, I would not wish to be understood as holding parental authority in contempt. Far, very far from it. When the approbation or opposition of such near relatives is grounded upon rational principles, let youth be cautious how it treats that opposition with haughtiness, and beware how it willfully shuts its eyes to that propriety of conduct which insure approbation, at once dispassionate and discriminating.

Letters at length came with an account of the fleet's safe arrival; and my fate was then decided. I was snatched from the arms of my lover, and forced upon my noviciate in a neighbouring convent. A year was spent in vain endeavouring to reconcile me to my fate. My father pleaded his vow, as blinding him to a per-

severance in his determination, and painting the serene happiness of the life he had chosen for me, in the most energetic language enthusiastic devotion could inspire.

'Can you,' he would often say, 'can you, my child, form to yourself a more happy situation in this world than that which excludes every temptation to evil? a situation from which you may regard sublunary concerns as if you were an inhabitant of a superior planet; a retreat where you will have leisure to commune with your own heart, and by daily labouring for its purification, make it at last a valuable present to the Giver of Life. From the ample and quiet shade of your convent, you may look down as from a serene eminence on the cloudy atmosphere that envelops society. You may from thence contemplate, without interruption, the grand order of Nature, trace effects from their causes, drink at the hid springs of truth, and inform yourselves how the silent hand of Omnipotence creates and preserves the harmony of the universe. In reserches like these, you will feel your soul detached from, and elevated above all earthly views and connections; your imagination will carry you to the throne of God; you will renounce with transport every worldly pleasure, and I shall have the happiness of offering to my Maker that sacrifice which I have vowed, and which the delights to behold, an innocent and devoted heart. Can you, my love, figure to yourself a happier state of being? Impossible.

Alas! I have already depicted one more agreeable to my feelings, more consonant to my nature. The gentle, and the charming Ferdinand was foremost in the scene. At the time of my going into the Convent, he was called to join his corps at some leagues dis-

tance, and we had had no opportunity to fix upon a method of correspondence previous to his departure. The dreadful day was named which was to condemn me for ever to solitude and to despair. To inform him was impossible, and could I have done so, it would have been in vain, as escape was impracticable. With a heart devoted to love, and tortured with the certainty of everlasting separation from its object, I was led to the altar, and made to vow eternal obedience to dictates the most repugnant to my soul.

When the fatal lawn was thrown over me, and this cruel ceremony at an end, my father came up and thanked me with emphasis; imprinted a kiss on my cold cheek; presented my weeping mother, with my brothers and sisters, to take a last embrace; and then, recommending me to the Abbess bid me a long farewell.

I will not attempt to delineate my sensations on becoming an inmate for life of this very unsocial retreat. Language has not terms sufficiently expressive of the anguish I suffered, when sometimes awaking from an uneasy slumber, the solemn tinkling of the midnight bell has called me to pronounce prayers, the purport of which I scarcely knew, my imagination wandering the while into that world where I fancied my distracted Ferdinand pined away his life a victim to despair.

When I had been here about a month, the Superieure came one day into my dormitory, and told me, that a novice, who was to enter the next afternoon, should (if I had no objection) occupy one of the beds in my room. The proposal gave me a degree of satisfaction which I thought no future circumstances could have awakened in me, and I expressed myself pleased with the arrangement. I felt

a degree of hope that my new associate (perhaps yet unfixed in conventual principles) might, by sympathizing with my sorrows, remove a part of that extreme wretchedness which seemed even to threaten my intellects. The afternoon of the next day brought with it our new sister elect; but how different from the portraiture my fancy had wrought! Far from the elegant languor of reluctant beauty shivering on the icy threshold of eternal celibacy, I beheld a figure finely formed indeed, but masculine, advancing undauntedly along, yet with down-cast eyes, and cheeks on which the pencil of health had laid colours that might have been mistaken for the momentary effects of extreme modesty. This equivocal and inconsistent appearance destroyed my confidential plan in a moment, and I retired to my room, little pleased at the idea of so uninteresting an intruder on the privacy I had so dearly purchased.

After vespers I was introduced by the abbess to our new devotee; when supper was over, I was requested to wait on her to her room. I had been so displeased at her apparent want of sensibility to the horrors that awaited her, that I had scarcely looked in her face since our introduction to each other in the chapel, and believe I performed with a very ill grace those little attentions which as a stranger she had a right to expect. The same disgust accompanied me up stairs; and having pointed out her bed, and ordered a lay-sister to wait her commands, I coldly wished her a good night, and retired to my own side of the room. Expecting she would go to bed when she had counted her beads and undressed, I had recourse to my rosary, and waited afterwards till she should have taken off her cloaths, before I attempt-

ed to prepare for sleep, amusing myself the while with twining round the windows some branches of woodbine which had crept through the interstices of my casement, and in contemplating the lucid brightness of the evening star as it sparkled through a vault of azure. The rich breath of the evening breeze, the warbling of a neighbouring stream, the soft radiance of the crested moon, and the stillness of the night, absorbed me entirely into that state of mind in which the soul feels a supreme degree of pleasure without being ably distinctly to ascertain its nature, or from what train of thought it is derived. The trance was momentary. The idea of Ferdinand rushed across my fancy, and I exclaimed involuntarily, "My friend, my love, we must meet no more."

"Oh, heavens! exclaimed the stranger, in tones of the deepest distress,

I flew to the bed-side. She was still dressed, except that the bandeau had fallen from her head, and discovered tresses glowing and luxuriant as those which used to wave round the cheeks of my Ferdinand. The resemblance struck me. The loose white robe she wore was not united at the neck and bosom, and I perceived, I thought, an uniform. "Gracious heaven!" I screamed, faintly.

"Be composed, my adorable, my faithful Angelique!" cried the charming novice in a whisper. "'Tis indeed you Ferdinand, but harbour not a thought to my prejudice; my intentions are as pure as yourself. I have been on the rack ever since my admission about the means I should take to introduce myself without alarming you; but believe me, I have no wishes inconsistent with the purity I have ever professed."

'Impossible,' cried I. 'Know you not that I have sworn to dedicate myself to heaven?'

'And can you think this compulsory oath binding? Do you suppose it is registered by the angels, or acceptable to God? Will he punish its forfeiture, or regard its observance with that complacency with which he looks upon the voluntary dedication of his servant, or with that anger which follows the non-observance of a willing vow? Certainly he will not. You have been forced to make a mockery of the sacred rite which unites the soul abstracted from the world to its Almighty author. You have been obliged to profess that seclusion to which the natural bent of your mind did not incline you, and which the ideas you have received and cherished, make not merely tormenting, but even criminal.'

(To be Continued.)

HOME.

'Hermesprong!' cried Orville, raising his voice, 'how can you, Constantia, bring such democratic stuff to your mother?'

'I did not know it was democratic; I chose it only from hearing Mr. Ludlow, say, that it was an admirable comedy.'

'Yes, yes;' replied Orville, 'I dare say, that he, and all such dissenters, think it admirable;—they are the pest of society, and would tumble us all to the ground, if they could; but, thanks to his majesty and his ministers, it will not be in their power. I hope the reign of George the third, will be the longest, as it is the most glorious in the annals of England.'

'It has certainly,' said Sir John, 'been the most remarkable for naval achievements.'

'And it is singular,' said Mrs. Almorne, 'that it should have been so at period of greater dissatisfaction among the seamen than ever was known: victories have been obtained amidst a series of mutinies; and when it may be fairly presumed that many of the Irish engaged in them, did not wish well to the cause for which they fought.'

'It fully shews,' observed Sir Esmond, 'the effect of skill and discipline. In time of peace, our merchantmen are an excellent nursery for seamen, and when they get on board an English ship of war, their duty is so constant, and so very strictly observed, that they acquire astonishing firmness and dexterity in the execution of it; and during an engagement, as they can neither retreat, nor indulge even a momentary intermission of duty, without consequences which they cannot risk, they have no choice but to fight.—They have likewise the advantage of knowing that they are opposed to enemies who are much inferior in skill to themselves. I have been assured by seamen I could trust, that English sailors can manœuver a ship, and fire the guns in half the time that French or Dutchmen can. The Spaniards are still more deficient; insomuch that on the meeting of an English and Spanish ship, the former reckon the latter a certain prize. During the American war, and through the whole of the present, it has been well-known by the sailors, that no commander of an English fleet need hesitate to take a Spanish one, of even double the force. Thus may be explained the difference which has appeared so perplexing between the event of our naval and military engagements.'

'This account,' said Mrs. Almorne, 'exhibits naval actions more as an effect of machinery than I had imagined.'

'Sailors and soldiers, and the mass of mankind,' cried Orville, 'should

be mere machines. I hope the many will ever be governed by the few.'

'Dear Mr. Orville,' exclaimed Mrs. Basset, 'don't talk of governing; I hate the very word, and when politics begin, there is no end to them:—for my part, I don't understand them. Pray, Mrs. Almorne, what have women to do with politics?'

'Nothing,' answered Mrs. Almorne, 'if they do not understand them.'

'And how can they understand them?' asked Mrs. Basset.

'Really,' replied Mrs. Almorne, with a smile, 'I do not see how they can.'

'I thought so,' cried Mrs. Basset, exultingly: 'I thought your good sense would perceive they could know nothing of the matter; yet, I see women, keen;—nay, bitter about politics, who know no more about them than my children.'

'I believe, indeed,' said Mr. Basset, 'that nothing could puzzle many ladies more, than to desire an explanation of their political principles.'

'They might tell you,' said Lady Orville, 'as Mrs. Ermine told me, that she entertained certain political opinions, though she did not know why.'

'I hate nothing so much as politics,' cried Mrs. Basset.

'I thought,' said Lady Orville, 'you were very fond of reading parliamentary debates.'

'O, not at all; I only read Mr. P...s speeches, that I may know what to think; but I never read Mr. F...s, as I was sure he was in the wrong.'

'I never could resist looking at them,' said Mr. Basset, 'but I seldom finished them, for he sometimes almost persuaded me he was in the right, and I

did not like to be perplexed by his reasoning.'

'You are very different from Mrs. Almore,' said Ornvill; 'I have heard her declare she reckoned it one of the misfortunes of her life, the not having heard F... speak in parliament.'

'Parliamentary debates,' said Mrs. Almore, 'carried on by men of great abilities, are one of the highest entertainments, and the being debarred from them I feel a severe deprivation.'

'I cannot think, my dear Mrs. Almore,' cried Mrs. Basset, 'you have much cause to regret it; you can always get the debates in the news papers, where you can have just as much, or as little of them as you please; and as women have no occasion for public speaking, they need not wish to be in the House of Commons to learn oratory.'

'Women can learn that at home,' said Mr. Basset, significantly; 'the passions teach us eloquence; though, if I may venture my opinion before so many ladies, I think women more remarkable for the number than the choice of their words,—for rapidity more than fluency of speech.'

'I confess,' said sir John, 'I think women are generally inferior in eloquence, even to the men who are as little employed as themselves in public speaking.'

'That it is probably owing,' said Mr. Almore 'to their ideas being seldom so clear, or well arranged as those of men, from their inferior education. Their minds are often so uncultivated, that they form opinions without knowing the foundation of them, or the train of argument by which they should be supported.'

'I have no doubt,' replied sir John, 'that any mental inferiority observable in the fair sex, must be attributed to

difference of education, but it sufficiently appears from the history of mankind, that genius is of no sex.'

'Women,' said sir Esmond, 'have certainly evinced their pretensions to high intellectual powers; they have been distinguished as authors, philosophers, legislators, and even as warriors; yet, is it not singular, that the fine arts, to which it might have been expected that they would sooner have been led by character, taste, and situation, should have been so very little indebted to them?'

'That is a remarkable fact,' replied sir John, 'which it seems difficult to account for; the varieties and inequalities of the human race are perplexing.'

'They are so,' said Mrs. Almore; 'and none has struck me more of late than another remarkable fact respecting women. Will you explain to me, why revenge, which is so powerful a passion in the human breast, should so seldom mark their conduct! Amidst all the atrocities which the rebellion in Ireland has produced in that unfortunate country, we hear of no woman distinguishing herself by the spirit of revenge, though so many must have been goaded to it, not only by their own sufferings, but those of their parents, husbands, and children.'

'I believe,' said sir Esmond, 'the same observation may apply to the French women; since the revolution, there have been many instances of the greatest outrage and cruelty among the lower classes of women acting collectively; and in the higher ranks there have been numerous examples of heroic contempt of death, but few of deliberate individual revenge.'

'It must be attributed,' said Ornvill, 'to the timidity and humanity natural to the sex.'

'I should think,' replied Mrs. Almore, 'that the cruelty and ferocity, often conspicuous in the lower class of females, and the malignity too frequently observable in women of every rank, must lead us to seek another explanation.'

'A more probable one,' observed sir John, 'may be their early habits of submission. They soon discover that their place in society does not permit the indulgence of their passions, and are accustomed to control them. It is probably from this cause that they are so remarkable for passive courage. The magnanimity with which they meet death; the heroic fortitude with which they suffer, in times of persecution, the most cruel tortures, and their patient endurance, both of bodily and mental pain, may, in a great measure, be attributed to their state in society.'

(To be Continued.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

(From the Lexington Gazette.)

The subscriber returns his thanks to his friends for the encouragement he has received in his line of business.

In Lexington my friends may find
Me working at my trade,
At raising stones to suit my mind,
And digging with my spade.

Good lime I have always on hand,
Supply'd you all can be,
However great is the demand,
My friends come unto me.

I will dig wells you all may know,
Good water I can find,
In spite of patent laws I'll show,
For nought I will be kind.

In all the branches of my trade
So punctual I will be,
It never shall by one be said,
John Shaw has cheated me,

I am,

JOHN R. SHAW.

N. B. I shall refuse to work in flint rock, as I have been three times blown up.

FRENCH CRUELTY.

THE murder of Madame de Perignac was attended by the following terrible circumstance. The eldest daughter, who suffered with her, unable to endure the torture of deliberate death, supplicated the executioner appointed to nurse and feed the flames, and enforced her request on her knees, then half consumed, to shorten her misery, by the sword, by a fiercer fire, or any other means of speedier dissolution. This, either from fear or cruelty, the man refused, when a youth, who had been a spectator, and had struggled with his distress (being, indeed, the young lady's lover) ran to the place where the beloved of his soul was burning, and dispatched her with a pistol, which he had, indeed, reserved for himself. At this the surrounding mob were so exasperated, that they made a circle round the blaze, to prevent the young man's escape, and exclaimed, that it was a pity to part lovers. Amongst the persons most offended at the action of the youth, were four young women. The Countess of Chevres, and her blooming daughters, were devoted to the flames, to perish by a slow-consuming fire, having their naked bodies first anointed with oil, that they might suffer a more excruciating torture.

Voltaire seems to have known his countrymen thoroughly, when he asserted that they were either monks or tigers.

THE MELANGE.

A HUMBUG.

At a late assize in Ireland, a witness was asked whether on a former occasion he had not given a different account of the transaction? He admit-

ted the fact, but said that he was then *humbugged* in the business—'Humbugged!' (replied the Counsel immediately) I do not understand the phrase.' 'I thought, (replied the witness) that every person understood it; but to explain it by a familiar instance—If I were to tell the noble Lord on the Bench, or the gentlemen who are sworn to try this cause, that you were an *able* Counsel, that would be to *humbug* both Judge and Jury!'

HINTS TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.

BY SIMON SHORTSPEECH.

1. Don't scold. If you do, your children may dread, but they will not respect you.
2. Don't find fault with every trifle. Admonition and correction, to be effectual, must not be too freely used.
3. When you command or threaten, do not waver. If your children find they can beat you, they will grow fond of triumph. Pretty sad times, when young children govern their parents!
4. Never cheat your children with false promises. It is teaching them bad tricks.
5. Be prompt and steady in your government. 'Good government is much easier in practice, than bad.'
6. Do you wish your children to appear well in the world? Be not nigardly in affording the means of information.
7. Do you wish them happy? Be careful you don't teach them vice by your example.

[Farm. Cab.]

A man that used to be drunk, when he came home wallowed about the floor, and said, he paid rent for the house, and he would lie where he pleased: at last, he falls into the fire, and the maid runs to her mistress, and told her she could not get him out. 'Let him alone (says she,) he pays rent for the house, and he may lie where he pleases.'

TO MISS MARY —'S LAP-DOG.

PHILIS, I wish that I were thou,
To share thy lady's blessing;
Nay, I would even cry Bow! vow!
To share such sweet carressings.

Full oft I've seen the in her arms,
And longing to take thy place:
For there thou, safe from all alarms,
Hast kiss'd her beautiful face.

Oh, Philis, come, and teach me how
To gain thy mistress' love:
For her dear sake, my rival, thou
Unkindness ne'er shalt prove.

Oh! would ye powers, that rule on high,
Make me a lap-dog chary,
Then, then, perhaps with Philis, I
Should share the love of Mary.

WHIMSICAL ADVERTISEMENT,

From a late Barbadoes Paper.

Thomas Touchwood, Gent. proposes on the last day of this present month, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to him or his friends, he takes this method of endeavouring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance he hopes will merit the attention and patronage of the public. He will perform with two pistols, the first shot to be directed through his abdomen, to which will be added, through his brain; the whole to conclude with staggering, convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at 8, and the exhibition to begin precisely at 9. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, or half price taken.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night, in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a tailor, who intends only to give the

representation of death, by dancing in a collar; an attempt infinitely inferior to M. T's original and authentic performance. [Lond. Pap.]

Cunning resembles wisdom as an ape does a man: wisdom never uses nor wants cunning.

Unguarded openness sometimes has the mischief though not the malice of treachery.

Wit is a happy and forcible manner of expressing a thought.

Less judgment than wit is more sail than ballast: yet wit gives an edge to good sence, and procures attention to it.

A vindictive temper is not only dangerous and hurtful to others, but the source of uneasiness to those who have it.

Hasty resolutions are of the nature of rash vows, and to be equally avoided.

To be very subtle and scrupulous in business is as hurtful as to be over-confident and secure.

Ingenuity, as well as religion, sometimes suffers between two thieves, pretenders and despisers.

Where the probability of advantage exceed not that of loss, prudence never adventures.

Refuse not to be informed for that shows pride and stupidity.

The only gratification the miser affords his neighbours is to let them see that he is himself as little the better for what he has as they are.

Long sentences in short composition, are like large rooms in a small house.

MADRIGAL.

FROM CAMONES' POEMS.

Pr'ythee, Cupid, hence desist.
Why should I increase the list
Of boys, whose sole delights consist
In kissing, and in being kiss'd?

Starlight eyes, and heaving snows,
Lips, young rivals of the rose,
Rounded limbs, and folding arms,
Dreams of undiscover'd charms,

Bound their witchery once about me;
But, their prisoner now is free,
Since on every side I see,
There are fools enough without me!
Pr'ythee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list?

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1806.

NEW-YORK, March 29.

YESTERDAY being the day appointed for the execution of Francisco Son, for the murder of Archibald Graham, in July last; the prisoner, at eleven o'clock, was taken from his dungeon; and, escorted by the proper officers, with military detachments, proceeded to the place of execution without the city. The march was slow and solemn—the prisoner walking, and very intent on meditation. At half past twelve, the procession reached the gallows; and, after some necessary preparations, the wretched man was warned of the expiration of his time. With fervency he cast his eyes to heaven, and seemed to beg forgiveness of his sins, when this terrestrial scene was closed on him forever.

WINDSOR, (Ver.) March 4.

A few days since, as Mr. Benjamin Read of Weathersfield, was at work in his blacksmith's shop heating

the handle of a skimmer, and on taking it out to shape or weld, he hastily turned round and struck his own son with the end of the iron, a little below the ear and penetrated back of the windpipe, which put an end to his existence in about 3 hours. The child was about six years old.

Miss Long, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Tilney Long, is sole heiress to the Tilney estate, amounting to £30,000. per annum; and £200,000. in the Funds, making her by far the richest female Commoner in England. She has just entered her 17th year.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Hugh Auchinloss, of New-York, merchant, to Miss Ann A. Stuart, daughter of Mr. James Stuart, merchant of this city.

DIED,

This morning, after a short illness, in the 57th year of his age, Jesse Waln, Esq. a respectable merchant of this city. On the 24th Miss Sarah M'Allester, daughter of John M'Allester.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by Samuel Kelly, No. 109, North Sixth street, 3 doors above Race, price bound in Morocco, 1 dollar, and in Sheep 75 cents.

THE SEASONS,

(In Miniature,)

BY JAMES THOMSON,

Embellished with a number of cuts, and the life of the author, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

Subscriptions received at the above place, and at John Sweeny's, No. 317, Arch street for Milton's Paradise Lost.

Our CITY Subscribers are notified that a FOURTH payment of 25 cents will be collected by the carrier on Saturday next.

Our COUNTRY friends are reminded that a payment of 100 cents becomes due this week, and it is hoped they will forward the same without delay.

SELECTED POETRY.

ADDRESS TO A BEE,

*That took shelter in my chamber
during the Winter.*

LITTLE harmless friendly bee,
Come and freely dwell with me ;
Hard, when thou hast toil'd so long,
And cheer'd the gardens with thy song,
At this season dear to be
Cast on charity and me :
For all thy useful service past,
Driv'n to want a home at last.
Fortune's faithless,—heed her not,—
Thine is but a common lot.
E'en man, thy haughty lord, must feel
The various turnings of her wheel ;
Happy were it too if *he*
Always bore the change like *thee*.
Come then, let this roof serene,
Guard the from the wintry scene ;
Here my little bee shall find
Honey'd food and treatment kind :
Perhaps *thy labour* gave the sweet,
With which my welcome guest I treat.
When the genial warmth of spring
Wakes the little birds to sing,
Cowslips, primroses, we see,
Then adieu my charming bee—
For thy busy wings shall spread,
Visit ev'ry glowing bed :
Thro' the gardens gaily range,
Still pursuing rapt'rous change,
Then, amidst thy store of flow'rs,
Vernal skies, and verdant bow'rs,
Then—Oh then ! my charming bee,
Think of winter, think of me.
And, if e'er again distress,
Fearless seek my friendly breast ;
Well assur'd I'll ready be,
Little friend, to succour thee.

UNA.

EPITAPH.

On a Mr. Sharp, a Musician.
This is to let each reader know
That Jonny SHARP lies FLAT below.

A NACREON'S DOVE.

[The famous address to Anacreon's Dove is very happily transfused, and we cannot refuse it to our readers.]

STOP, my beauteous dove, and pray
Tell me whence your airy way?
Why do all your little plumbs
Send a gale of rich perfumes ?
Who's your lord, and where you dwell,
Lovely stranger, stay and tell.

DOVE,

Me the Teian bid with care
Search and find his idol-fair,
Her, whose beauty's early pride
Conquers all the sex beside
Venus, for an ode he gave her,
Much delighted with the favour,
Bid me, since you long to know it,
Serve obsequiously the poet.
Nor his fair one I pursue,
Charg'd to give this billet-doux.

Once he told me—'Dove,' said he,
'Soon I mean to set you free.'
But, so easy now my case,
Should I quit the happy place ?
Should I range the hill and wood,
Seeking mean and scanty food ?
Now securely I may stand,
Crumbs receiving from his hand ;
Or, if thirsty, go and sup
Wine delicious from his cup.
Cheer'd with this, I play and bound,
Nimbly dancing on the ground ;
Then caress the bard, and spread
Both my pinions o'er his head ;
Last, to quiet sleep retire,
Perching on the very lyre.
Thus I told—a pretty jay—
All my case—now go my way.

MAXIM.

Gentle manners, virtuous lives,
Make each husbands, happy wives.
These are the only means we know,
To make a little heav'n below.

BUT

Angry manners, vicious lives,
Make wretched husbands, dreadful wives,
And hence such evil take their birth,
And make a little hell on earth.

For the Repository.

Mr. SLENDER,

If you think the following worthy a place in the Repository, you will oblige a friend by inserting it in your next. W.

THE IRISH GHOST.

IN days of yore, but since the flood,
Whilst Teague in bed was snooring,
A spectre 'fore him ghastly stood,
And woke him with its roaring.
No nose it had, nor e'en an eye,
Nor mouth to eat its bread ;
And would you know the reason why,
Alas it had no head !
With horrid gape Teague view'd the
sprite,
Then cried, ' Ah ! now be *spaking*,
' And *aise* me from my sad affright,
' And tell me if I'm waking ?'
' Arrah, my dear,' the shade replied,
' I cannot *spake* you know ;
' But I'm thy father's ghost, who died
' Beheaded, G-d knows how !
' Alack, poor ghost !' the son exclaim'd,
' No wonder thou'rt not frisky,
' For he most surely must be d—d
' Who cannot drink his whisky.' :
' Ah ! honey, true,' the sprite resum'd
' Therefore I leave the dead ;
' And that I mayn't to h— be doom'd,
I'm looking for my head !

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